

to fetch her. She stayed the night, sleeping in a nightdress of the housekeeper, but was persuaded to go home on the following afternoon by a practical joke of her father's, which made her realise that the remarks of the man friend had not been meant seriously. Her father sent a large parcel supposed to be her "clothes", but when she undid the parcel, it had nothing inside but newspapers. In adult life the memory of the intense grief and bitter chagrin she felt on opening the parcel remained very vivid.

3. Y. said to his mother, at 4;0 years, "Mummy, I'm growing a baby sister/' *Oh no, Y., you can't do that.* Well, then, it's a baby brother. *Oh, no, you can't grow babies—only Mummies can do that.* Well, Mummy, there's *something* happening in my tummy 1

4. Z., aged 5, asked her mother, "Is Auntie X. killed?" Her mother said, "What do you mean?" Z. "Is she dead?" M. "What do you mean by dead?" What do people do when they die?" Z. "They go back into their Mummie's tummy." M. "But how could Auntie X. go back to her Mummie's tummy? You know her Mummie, and how small she is." Z. "Well, when Auntie X. dies, she becomes a teeny, weeny baby again and goes back to her Mummie's tummy."

i. "I must say we live on a farm and from the time the children (twins, aged 5:6) could walk with a basket I have let them collect the eggs, visit the cows being milked, etc. Before they were three they astounded their grandmother by playing at laying their Easter eggs. They would put them behind them on their little armchairs and get up and expect us to be very surprised and pleased; quite their own idea and it only lasted a day or two. I could see by this that they realised how the hens laid and when the boy asked where the calf came from I said 'where do eggs come from?' And the girl jumped to it at once, 'out of the cow of course/ The

boy said, 'Where does it come out?' And the girl replied, 'behind of course/ This was before they were four. A short while after, the boy had forgotten again, and when they were five and a baby was born in the neighbourhood the girl had to tell him once more. I only just put in a word here and there. All the year from 4 to 5 it had thrilled the girl to talk of the time when she was inside me, and once she suddenly remarked, "Who did Daddy come out of?" The boy found it very hard to realise that he was not his Daddy's and the girl mine (though he is far more devoted to me) because his father's father is alive and so is my mother. However, I think at 5:6 the idea of birth is clear